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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839. NO. 965.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 13.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

BOSTON IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 3839.

A DREAM, BY A VERY OLD MAN.

'Te somnia nostra reducient;
Somnia formosa candidiora die
Illio te invenio, quamquam regionibus absis.'—*Ovid.*

'Joseph dreamed a dream *and told it.*
Pseudo-Moses.

'The Prophet that hath a dream, *let him tell the dream.*' *Jeremiah.*

'*Your old men* shall dream dreams.' *Joel.*

Under sanction of all these authorities, Mr Editor, I trust you will excuse 'your old man,' if he tells what he dreams. Perhaps you would pardon my dream without the high sanction of such precedents, on account of the garrulity inseparable from old age, and the propensity of dreamers to be talkers likewise. 'The seer is a *seer* also;' which means, there is a 'pre-established harmony' between the organs of discernment and utterance—between the eyes and the tongue.*

But to come to my dream. I fancied that it was Saturday morning, that I was in your goodly city, and wandering quietly and yet dreamily along to a certain book-store, where yourself and your brethren are sometimes seen. On entering the shop, I was astonished to see an almanac lying upon the counter, inscribed, 'for the year of Grace 3839.' As I am a little behind my fellows, and have not yet obtained an almanac for the current year, I took it with the view to purchase it, not doubting the date was a mistake of the printer. But a moment after I saw a newspaper, with the title 'Christian Register,' and dated Saturday, ——, 3839. 'A strange mistake these two printers have made,' said I, handing the obnoxious documents to the salesman. He enquired to what I alluded, and was astonished when I assured him it was only 1839. 'Surely you are dreaming,' said he. Several gentlemen came up kindly and insisted I was dreaming. I began myself to suspect it was so. But wiping my spectacles, and looking upon the altered appearance of the shop, on the unusual dress and remarkable countenances of the bystanders, I was filled with amazement. I addressed one of these, the most venerable in the group. 'Tell me,' said I, 'if this is the year 3839?' 'It is' indeed,' he exclaimed; 'for what had you mistaken it?' 'It was yesterday but 1839. I lay down to sleep, and am two thousand years old, without knowing that more than a single night has passed.'

The venerable gentleman said to me, without the slightest appearance of incredulity, 'What a curiosity, a man two thousand years old, yet apparently as young as myself! a man from the nineteenth century, the age of Worcester, of Channing and Garrison. This is strange.'

The venerable stranger offered me any assistance he could render; inquired into my profession and name, and ended by offering to show me the most interesting objects in the city. We looked over the shelves of the bookseller's shop, but I saw not one of the familiar faces, so dear to scholars in these days. Not even the venerated names of sages whose voice has been heard these five thousand years, were known to the booksellers of the 39th century. The city retained its original name, and its old crooked streets. But the buildings were more lofty and far more beautiful than now. It contained, said my guide, about two millions of souls. My new friend was evidently a scholar, and a philanthropist, spoke of some 'new views,' just offered to the public ear and eye, and was not a little surprised to be told the same were 'new' in my day. He led me to the court of justice then in session. In a splendid apartment, whose walls were of rich marble, the court was held. Seven venerable men sat together on a raised seat at one end of the Hall, to decree justice. They referred to no Law Book, but decided on the eternal principles of Justice and Equity. They could only advise and recommend. Violence was never employed to enforce their decisions, and yet they were always obeyed. I inquired for the criminal court. But was told there were no criminals in that age. I asked for the Prisons, he answered me there had been none in the land since the year 2,500. He showed me the 'Revised Statutes' of the commonwealth, a small pamphlet not as large as a printed sermon of our times. The Legislature came together every year, rather to reciprocate good feeling than to enact laws. There were no executive officers, excepting a governor and council, whose chief business was to do the honors of the state, to strangers who visited the place. Sheriffs and constables and the like had never been heard of. If a public building was needed, a committee was appointed, and the citizens were requested to furnish the funds, which they readily did.

I entered their galleries of art. New schools of painting and sculpture had flourished since my day, a Christian school had arisen. I saw not merely paintings of naked and half-starved men, called saints and martyrs, but copies of the Christian spirit enshrined in flesh. Paintings of exquisite beauty and spirit filled long galleries. Ifancied I was at old Athens in her palmy days, so numerous were the statues. Only a Christian spirit shone in every face. Humanity had become divine.

In the Libraries I saw a few of the old masters of song that charmed my youth, and cheered my old age. But of all my contemporaries, whose books the world could not contain—not one was to be found. I enquired of my guide, what were thought of this and that great man, he had never heard of them. He, however asked of our political friend —, if it was true, that his face took the color of any handkerchief he applied to it?

I thought in my dream that several days passed over me while I was delighting myself with the wonders of the city, the beauty of the buildings public and private; the songs the children sung in the streets, and on the common; with noticing the singular articles that filled the shops, and the prodigious tide of people that flowed gracefully, and happily over the smooth pavements.

I visited the chief men of the city, one of whom invited me to dine with him, at his house in the country. Accordingly we took seat in a novel kind of a carriage, and posted away through the air, at a prodigious rate. In about half an hour we alighted at a beautiful romantic looking little cottage on the borders of Hudson's Bay, which he had built as a summer residence. At table were men of all nations, black men, red men, and white men, and yellow men, all speaking in English. Even here, (for I passed a day, and night with my host) at breakfast there were presented to us, the morning papers from Patagonia, Canton, Samarcand, from Greenland, and Khamskatka, not to mention those from several other European, Asiatic and African cities. Though printed in the most different languages each person seemed familiar with all. It seemed the English language was then spoken throughout the whole western continent. South America was colonized from the North. The Spanish race had failed before the Anglo-Saxon. The world contained as many millions of men as now it does individuals.

I attended church one Sabbath, in the city. A vast multitude was assembled in a monstrous church, whose architecture seemed to embody the spirit of Christianity, its loftiest aspiration, its exceeding humility, and its absolute trust. A warm and rich discourse was delivered. Then all united in a chant, then in a prayer. I attended the celebration of the last supper. This was not in the church, but it took place in private parlors. A few gathered together in the houses of the wise and gifted, a prayer was put up, an hour was spent in religious conversation, and bread and wine were handed by the host to his guests. It was a social meeting for religious conversation, and mutual improvement, and was celebrated in every half dozen houses in the city.

My friend informed me, that all the world was christianized. That no man now thought of proving the truth of Christianity, still less the existence of a God, or the religious sentiment in man. He was much surprised when I spoke of the Bridgewater treatises and such other good books, so current in our day. The time had come when 'all the people were taught of the Lord.' There had not been an atheist for centuries; nor even one who disbelieved Christianity. But Christianity as they understood it was so different from what is preached or practised in our day, that I should be thought still to dream if I should speak of it minutely. It resembled it no more than the north bear in the Heavens resembles the bear of the Menagerie. But in a word, they seemed to understand the meaning of the sayings, 'He that is greatest among you let him be your *servant*,' 'All ye are *brethren*,' 'I and my father are *one*.' There had not been a crime committed in the land for centuries. There was not a pauper in the state. The distinction of servant and master was gone. Some were rich, some poor, but none were crushed by opulence; none disturbed by poverty; none sought rest in waste places and found none.

A rich citizen saw company one evening. I attended with thousands more. We were charmed by the music, and warmed by the calm gaiety of the guests, as well as by the cordial urbanity of the host. In one corner was a musical party giving a concert. In one apartment youth and maidens were dancing. Here were groups conversing gaily, there others in grave discussion, Men of all ranks were met together, for all who pleased were invited to attend. Here were joiners, and poets, and weavers, and smiths, and merchants with their wives, daughters and mothers. I saw more statues of marble than of ice-cream. Sugared water and fruit was the only refreshment. The same evening a poor mechanic saw his friends in a little clump of trees on the common. I visited him also. Here as at the house of the millionaire I met persons of all conditions, learned and unlearned, witty and wise; beauty and wealth had come to his gates. He was one of the most distinguished in the city for his scientific skill. At all these meetings I noticed the propriety of the dress of the people. It seemed made for them, not they for it.

But to crown all I attended a lecture, in the historical college. As it happened by peculiar good fortune, the subject was the nineteenth century, and its influence on succeeding time till the twenty-eighth. He spake of the acheivments of the nineteenth century. The application of steam to locomotion, the entire abolition of slavery and of capital punishments throughout christendom. The entire abolition of war. This was much, said he, to be effected in a single age, and that in an age of darkness. We commonly think, men of that period were exceedingly ignorant. They were so compared with us. But were yet superior to their forerunners. Without the nineteenth century we should not be what we are. The foundation of the temple is laid in darkness, and in the earth. He mentioned the faults peculiar to that period. Vanity, and contempt of all past ages, a distrust of the future, but a disposition to extol itself, to talk of its glory, its brightness. The whole age was conceited.

The views of great men were then limited. Their Philosophers were fettered. Their Theologians thought their creed greater than christianity, their christianity greater than religion. In a word they thought man made for the Bible not the Bible for man. So they defiled the Bible and degraded man. They were afraid of human nature. They dared not trust Truth unless some old man stood god-father to her. Their dress was a proof of their folly. He then gave the dimensions of a fashionable lady's belt and shoes, the size of a fop's vest, unmentionables and whiskers. The audience were astounded. He then gave us in full length drawings, a gentleman (with yellow gloves, whiskers and a 'stick,') and lady of the nineteenth century in full dress. They were true to the life. The audience fell into a roar of laughter. And I (who like the Vicar of Wakefield, who had a hearty contempt for his own horse, when others laughed at him) was so ashamed of my barbarous costume that I rushed out of the Hall to a tailor's shop to rid myself of my uncouth habiliments, but before I could enter the door I awoke and behold it was a dream. SENEX.

* Does not this pre-established harmony account for the notorious fact, that misers spontaneously keep their hands in their pockets? The pre established harmony between the container (the purse in the pocket) and the distributors (the hands) brings the latter into conjunction with the former, for benevolent purposes.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and sweat. This was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of Earthly Bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.—*Milton*

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

By Lydia H. Sigourney.

Once, in travelling, I observed an old building, which appeared to be falling into ruins. No smoke issued from its broken chimney. No foot crossed its grass-grown threshold. The casements were gone, and through their vacant places, the winds whistled, and the rains fell.

I asked, 'What is this building, which is thus suffered to decay?' They answered, '*a School-House.* But a part of its materials have been used to build a better one, in a more convenient spot, for the village children.'

So I paused there, a little time, to meditate. And I said to myself,—what a variety of scenes may have passed within these tottering walls. Where are the teachers, who in years gone by, sat in the chair of state, and ruled, and gave instruction?

In yonder corner, perhaps, was a low bench, for the little ones conning their alphabet. Those little ones have grown up, grown grey, and died. The babes whom they rocked in the cradle, have shown the same tenderness to their own babes. 'One generation passeth away and another cometh.'

Beneath these windows where that trim old sycamore looked in with all its show of green leaves, waving and gossipping in the breeze of summer,—I imagine a row of young girls, with their sunny locks, knitting, and sewing,—or listening with serious faces, while the mistress taught them what it was necessary for them to know, when they became women.

The snows of winter seem to spread around. The frozen pond, in the rear of the school-house, is covered with boys. The clock strikes nine. They hasten to their school. The narrow entry rings with the jingle of their skates, as they throw them down. One or two, who love play better than study, approach with more lingering steps.

Methinks, I see their ruddy faces as they take their seats. The master raises a stern eye at their clamor, or stifled laughter, and commands them to write their copies, and attend to their sums. But the treatise of Arithmetic is thumbed,—and the Grammar-lesson curled into dog's ears, by those whose roving thoughts among their winter sports.

Then there was the long sigh of indolence, and the tears of such as were punished. And there was impatience there, and ambition, and hope, and the kindlings of intellect, and the delights of knowledge. The master endeavors to rule each for their good, as the wise magistrate restrains the people by laws.

I fancy that I behold that teacher walking homeward, weary and thoughtful, when the day was done. He felt sadness for those who did not improve, and over those who did, he rejoiced with a peculiar love.

Perhaps, he repeated mournfully the words of the prophet, 'I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength for nought.' And a voice from heaven, answered in his heart—'Yet surely thy judgment is with the Lord—and thy work is with thy God.'

Old school-house! Couldst thou speak, I doubt not thou wouldst tell me, that eminent men have been nurtured in thee; ingenious mechanics, on whom the comfort the community depends: athletic farmers, laying the forest low, and forcing earth to yield her increase; physicians, whom the sick sufferer blesses; eloquent lawyers; wise statesmen; holy priests, who interpret the word of the Almighty.

I wish that the school-houses in our country were more commodious and tasteful in their construction—more spacious and airy—surrounded with trees, or beautified with shrubbery.

There was once a benevolent man, who went to the continent of New-Holland. He found multitudes of children, growing up, neglected and ignorant. He wished much to have them taught. But there was no school house.

So he collected them under a spreading tree, whose branches could shelter, at least, one hundred, from the heat of the sun. He hung cards, with painted lessons among the boughs. And there he taught the poor colonists to read, and spell, and to sing.

There are very beautiful birds in that country. Many of them had nests in this large tree. So there they were flying about, and tending their young, while the children were learning below;—and the chirruping of the new-fledged birds,—and the warbling of their parents—and the busy voices of the children, learning to be good—made sweet music in the heart of that benevolent man.

Did they not ascend, and mingle with the praises of angels, around the Throne?—*Ladies' Companion.*

Think learnedly but speak in common language.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE INFLUENCE OF TEACHERS' MEETINGS UPON THE SUCCESS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The remarks made by Mr Upham, that Sunday schools are Theological Institutions for the diffusion of religious knowledge throughout the community, and that teachers' meetings are the seminaries for the instruction of the teachers who are to spread this knowledge, were the subject of conversation at a meeting of teachers, in which many of the following thoughts were suggested. What is the object of a Theological Institution? To enable men to become faithful, zealous and well instructed *ministers* of the New Testament. And this object is meant to be accomplished by affording to the members of the institution the opportunity for long-continued self-examination, mutual aid and encouragement, and for intimate and thorough acquaintance with the spirit and doctrines of Jesus. The storing of the mind with arguments to support any particular set of opinions and to combat other opinions, is a very small part of the education designed to be given at such institutions, and he would be very unfaithful to his trusts, who should spend his time in preparing to become a champion merely, for the particular views which he might adopt. The end and purpose of a theological institution is not, or at least should not be, a sectarian education, but a general and as far as possible a thorough religious education, which not only improves the intellect and gives a familiar acquaintance with the contents of the Bible, but fills the mind and heart with the spirit which pervades the Holy Book. A well informed mind is necessary to one who would be a preacher of sound doctrines, and sound doctrines are essential to an enlightened, rational faith. This is the reason why in Theological Seminaries so much time is given to the critical study of the New Testament; but as the acutest intellect and the keenest sagacity in criticism are nothing without warm and permanent religious feelings and a Chistian character, equal time is afforded to members of such institutions to become filled with the spirit of the gospel. And when the two great objects are faithfully accomplished, when the mind and heart have received due cultivation, the minister goes forth, well furnished with the means of usefulness.

If the design of Theological Seminaries be as now stated, are not teachers' meetings *literally* Theological Seminaries? Are they not intended to prepare teachers for the faithful discharge of their duties to their parishes? for every class is the parish of its teacher. The object of teachers' meetings, like that of Theological Seminaries, is to furnish faithful, zealous and well-instructed ministers of the New Testament. And this object is meant to be gained by giving teachers the opportunities of mutual improvement and mutual encouragement. Can this great end be attained? If so, then teachers' meetings are certainly of great value, for unlike the students of a Theological Seminary, teachers cannot devote two or three years expressly and exclusively gaining religious knowledge and to personal improvement, but must make use of such opportunities for this purpose, as the various occupations of life permit them to enjoy.

Certainly teachers' meetings offer the best opportunities which many teachers have of becoming *well instructed* ministers of the New Testament, for in free interchange of thought difficulties are started and removed, and many obscure passages, which had seemed to many teachers dull and uninteresting or had been entirely unnoticed, become new and fresh, when connected with the associations which had clustered around it in the mind of some individual. And in addition to this, every teacher has had occasion in explaining particular passages to his or her class, to study thoroughly such passages, and has thus come to results which may be of much service to other teachers.

The influence of teachers' meetings in rendering those who attend them faithful and zealous, is very great. Every one, who has to do with the religious instruction of the young is liable to discouragement and despondency. A class consists of different minds and dispositions. One child is dull and inattentive. Another is bright but thoughtless, will quickly perceive and understand, and quickly forget. One has appeared serious and attentive for a long time, but in an unlucky moment has thrown a gloom over his teachers' heart by some most unseasonable levity. Now strong faith and Christian confidence are needed to sustain teachers under these disappointments, and how can faith be quickened more than by the mutual encouragements of those engaged in the same work? While alone with his class, a teacher may feel that he is exerting influence over but few, and that so feeble an influence as to be of little value. But let a number of teachers meet, and one no longer seems a solitary individual but one of a company united for the same great purpose, and at once the efforts of every individual rise in importance. For though his own influence may be very small, still it is seen to be a necessary part of the united influence of the whole band of teachers. Then how is the desponding teacher cheered by the animation of his fellow teachers, who have perhaps had the same trials and discouragements with himself, and have nobly struggled through and conquered them! Then too how often is the melancholy teacher led to ask himself, why is it that I accomplish so little, while others accomplish so much? and the answer comes whispered to him, 'the fault is in yourself, you have gone to the child's mind doubting or unprepared, and you are seeking a harvest from seeds which you have never sown.' The good influences of teachers' meetings are so many and so great, that there can be no hazard in saying that a Sunday school *will prosper*, whose teachers are deeply interested in these meetings. H. H. J.

Better thou perish than the truth.

For the Register and Observer.

CHRISTIAN UNION. NO. 2.

SECTARIANISM NOT CHRISTIAN UNION; BUT ESSENTIAL IDOLATRY.

My views on the subject of Christian union will be the better understood if I introduce them with some general and plain observations on that system of sectarianism, which for ages has assumed its name; while it has been waging a deadly warfare against its essential principles and its holy and peaceful requisitions. So important is it to the accomplishment of the object which I am pursuing fully to expose this system of iniquitous usurpation, that I shall devote to such expositions the present and the two following numbers.

That system of sectarianism, which is built on human creeds clothed with divine authority, I deny to be that Christian union, which is enjoined in the gospel—on the contrary, I denounce and reprobate and oppose it as a system of essential idolatry. I proceed to my proof, that sectarianism, as above defined, is essential idolatry.

'The man whose religion consists in zeal for the peculiar dogmas, or rules of faith, that have been invented and supported by the weak and erring judgment of frail and sinful mortals, is, in reality, the worshipper of created things, and bows to an image devised and formed in the unhallowed furnace of human imaginations. The persons who have taken it upon them to stamp the mere deductions of human reason, or the mere fabrications of human imagination with the signet of God; from that moment became to themselves as Gods. Conscious, however, that such pretensions would be deemed presumptuous, they avoid the consequences by terming their peculiar notions, not a new revelation from heaven, but a compendium of what has been revealed; and give to this compendium the name of *Religion*. But, you will ask, is it possible to imagine, that any man or any body of men, can seriously believe that their inventions or explanations are equal to divine revelation? Why then demand for them greater respect than is due to human wisdom? Alas, because, divine revelation belongs to God, and these inventions or notions belongs *to self*. According to the extent to which they are propagated, does the idea of self extend. By representing them as essential to salvation, those in whom they have originated —whose they are—and whose glory is built on the connexion, represent themselves as the authors of salvation.'

Yes, he who worships a creed of his own devising or of human manufacture is an idolator *so far as such worship* extends, as truly, as is he who worships a God of wood or stone, of silver or gold, which his own hands have fashioned. Not an open and acknowledged; but an essential idolator. By this I mean, that sectarianism is a system, which pays an idolatrous homage to man—that it is a system of essential self-deification; in as much as it requires a supreme devotion to be paid to that, viz, a creed, which is—not the revelation of God, but the work of man.

This idolatrous character is attributed to this system in those prophecies, which foretold its rise, operations, and effects.

In his second epistle to the Thessalonians St. Paul predicts the rise of a power by him denominated, '*the man of sin.*'

By this, I think that he means a community, which possesses a sinful character of a peculiar complexion. A clue to the peculiarity of this distinguishing sinfulness, the apostle gives by predicting certain particulars of it.

This man of sin was to sit in the temple of God. He was to show himself as God—he was to exalt himself above all that is called God or is worshipped. The meaning of the prediction is as follows: there will arise within the limits of the Christian church a society, which calling itself Christian, will yet exalt itself above the authority and guidance of the Christian revelation. It will thus assume to itself the attributes of divinity. In other words, there will arise within the limits of the Christian church an association of professed Christians, which virtually setting aside the divine authority of the Bible, and actually substituting in its place, human creeds invested with divine authority, will show itself in this manner to be a sinful—a wicked association, even to the extent of exalting itself above God. Such is the man of sin predicted by St. Paul. It is that associations of Christians, which, in different ages and nations, has apostatised from the divine authority of the Head of the church; and has sought to place on the head of some favorite idol, the crown of Immanuel.

But in predicting the rise of this idolatrous apostacy in the Christian church, the apostle did not predict the appearance of something essentially new. And it was by no means a thing wholly unknown in his time for fallible mortals to arrogate to themselves the attributes of divinity; and to assume to dictate the fundamentals of belief and practice. This was done by the sect of the Pharisees.

'A pharisee could not swell or enlarge the idea of self, by that species of obedience to the law, which that law had commanded; but with every addition which he made to it, he could connect the idea of self; with every peculiar doctrine which he conceived, or embraced, or propagated, or defended, he could only connect the idea of self, but, by the connexion which his opinions had with the divine precept on which they had been engrafted, he could extend the idea of *self* till it reached Omnipotence In the love of God, the scribes and Pharisees included the love of their own theories and explanations. These they held up as the objects of reverence and worship. These they loved with all the heart and with all the soul and with all the strength; and such of their neighbors as united with them in their opinions, they loved; for with all who worshipped the same idol, the idea of self was inseparably connected. But to this narrow circle their benevolence was confined; for all who were not within this pale, however pure their love to God, or however meritorious their conduct to man, in refusing homage to their peculiar doctrines had become worthy of reprobation in their eyes, and consequently were objects of their implacable hatred and resentment.'

As the spirit of the *man of sin*, had been manifested by the sect of the Pharisees; so it began to show itself in connexion with Christianity, even in the days of St. Paul. Says he, 'the mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he who now letteth, will let until he be taken out of the way. And then will that wicked be revealed.'

Let us now consider the revelation of this wicked—this idolatrous apostacy in the rise and operations of sectarianism in the Christian church.

'The operations of the selfish propensity became more and more apparent, as time advanced. The influence which those who governed the church had obtained over the minds of the converted, gave authority to whatever rules they chose to prescribe, and to whatever opinions they chose to dictate. By the persecutions to which they were exposed on account of their religion, and by the dauntless fortitude and unconquerable patience with which they endured the cruel sufferings inflicted by their persecutors they procured for themselves a respect little short of adoration. When death had sealed their testimony, every opinion they had avowed, every notion they had embraced, was remembered and repeated; not as the conclusions of fallible reason, but as divine and infallible truths. The opinions thus brought forward, early became objects of controversy, and were canvassed, censured, and condemned, by those who embraced opposite opinions, not merely on account of the inconsistency of human reason; but because they did not agree with the notions embraced by their equally fallible opponents. It was thus, that the early heresies became engendered.

It was not, however, until put in possession of temporal power and authority, that the species of idol-worship early introduced into the Christian church, could obtain any permanent establishment. It was not till then, that any individuals or body of men, could hope without dispute, to enjoy the peculiar privilege of affixing to their interpretation of the word of God, the signet of Omnipotence. The seal, it is true, was forged; but while those who used it were backed by the power of the Roman empire, who dared dispute the validity of the instrument? The church thenceforth usurped the place, and assumed the prerogative of the Deity.'

Such was the revelation, in the Christain church, of the idolatrous spirit of sectarianism, such the conquest of the church, achieved by the spirit of selfishness. The man of sins, first presents himself to the view of the world, in the costume of Popery. And, it would seem to be taken for an unquestionable verity by the generality of Protestants, that in separating from a visible communion with the Romish church; they also and necessarily separated, at the same time from the unhallowed spirit of this church. But nothing can be farther from the truth, than such a supposition.

This supposition would indeed have been the truth, had Protestants always acted in consistency with their professed principles. Had they, in practice as in theory, maintained the sufficiency of the scriptures and the right of private judgment, then would they have been in reality a portion of the universal church, that was thoroughly reformed. Such has not been the course, pursued by the protestant church.

From the time of Luther down almost to the present hour, the different denominations of protestants have manifested not a little of the essential spirit of Popery.

They have idolized those creations of human fancy and folly, *creeds*: they have *thus* detracted from the honor due only to him, who has the words of eternal life—*yes the protestant as well is the Popish church, is of the man of sin.* In this matter, let us not deceive ourselves. God regards not our professions. He looks to our practices. The protestants, loudly profess undivided homage to the sacred Scriptures. But what is our practice? What has originated and sustained the warfare of sects among protestants? Nothing but the spirit of Popery; that spirit, which seals every branch of the Christian fraternity in which it rules, as a member of the man of sin.

At the reformation, correct principles were adopted. In some degree, they have been generally acted upon by protestants; and occasionally, by here and there a church, have these principles been carried out in a hearty and consistent manner. And in its return from its idolatrous apostacy to the truth and simplicity of the gospel, the protestant portion of the visible church, is unquestionably greatly in advance of the Romish portions. Still, as it seems to me, it cannot in consistency with truth be denied, that the spirit of Popery reigns in the protestant sects extensively and powerfully even now.

'The external acts of the biget, must indeed be modified by the circumstances in which he is placed; and by the degree of power of which he is possessed. But the spirit remains, in all circumstances, the same; it is still the desire of subjecting the wills of others to his will, the opinions of others *to* his opinion; and thus of procuring an enlargement of the idea of self, that inspires his breast. It is not on account of the importance of the truths with which his opinions are connected, he desires to exalt theirs; but on account of their connexion with *self*; it is therefore that he claims for these productions of human wisdom, the praise, and honor and glory, due to the wisdom of God. The claim, by whomsoever made is impious; and the manifestations of zeal in its support, so far from being a proof of religion in the zealot, is a proof of the ascendency of the selfish principle over the spirit of religion in his heart. It is the zeal of party; a zeal which may burn with as much fury in the breast of an atheist as in that of a devotee.'

Will it be said, that I bear with an unjust severity on the protestant sects?—that their creeds are much more rational and scriptural than those, of the church of Rome?—and that it is therefore unjust to class them together in regard to this matter? I am not speaking, let it be observed, concerning the greater or the less degree of absurdity and impiety in the creeds, which have been framed and imposed in long succession; nor yet concerning the greater or less degree of accuracy and elegance with which the same creed may have been expressed. I am speaking concerning *the authority*, with which it has ever been and still is attempted, to invest all these creeds: And this authority, I maintain, is *nothing less than divine.*

'As to the form of these idols, the history of the church shows how exactly they were fashioned after the prevailing temper and taste of the times. While the sophistry taught in the pagan schools continued in vogue, abstract propositions, speculative subtilties, and mysterious definitions of mysteries not to be defined, were the forms into which these idols were generally carved; and no sooner were they stamped with the authority of the church, than they were declared of divine origin and to be believed of all men, on pain of everlasting damnation.

But when the faculties of the human mind, had been, by the restraints thus laid on their exercise, so far degraded as to produce universal ignorance, glory could no longer be attained by the inventions of speculative absurdities; and it was accordingly, to sensible objects, that those, who in this way sought distinction, had then recourse.'

And this new-modelling—this re-fashioning —this improving of these idols, either in the materials of which they are composed, or in their outward form and dress, or both, is a work which is still in progress. Neither the scholastic refinements of the earlier, nor the revolting grossness of some succeeding centuries,

suit altogether the taste, the improvements and the circumstances of the present times. Some idols, once in the highest repute, are wholly discarded. While some others, still retained, are sought to be presented in a dress, which shall be as little revolting as possible to the public sentiment—yet, notwithstanding all these changes and improvements, the stamp of divine authority continues to be placed on the inventions of fallible men, both in the Romish and the Protestant communions. The creed, however much improved, continues to be worshipped as the condition of salvation. And this is the only point, in the controversy, which demands much of our attention. It is idolatry to worship an image of gold, as well as an image of wood or stone. It is idolatry to worship the highly adorned Diana of the Ephesians, as well as the ineffably disgusting image of Juggernaut. Smith, the Mormonite, has the same right to claim a divine original for his plates of brass, as had Calvin to claim a divine authority for what was peculiarly his own in the volumes of his Institutes. The council of Trent had as good a right to put the seal of divinity on the creed of its production, as was possessed by the Westminster assembly to put the seal of divinity on the catechism of its production. Mahomet had as good a right to form and put forth a system of faith, as any body of divines, as any Theological seminary, now in existence. It is not the materials of which a creed is composed, or the fashion in which it is made, which demands our awakened attention, whenever a fellow mortal demands our implicit submission. In all such cases, we are to look to the principle, on which he acts. And in all such cases, we shall find the principle to be this, the demanding of us a submission to the authority of man, which can be rightfully claimed only by the authority of God. Considered in this view, all creeds are equally absurd—equally effrontery. Considered in this view, the Protestant creed has no advantage over the Catholic.

'Considered in this point of view, to believe in the virtue and efficacy ascribed to the pairings of a saint's nails, or to the fragments of an old pocket handkerchief, was in fact no more absurd, than to believe in the virtue and efficacy of any peculiar notions formed by human imagination. As an idol of human invention, each is alike unworthy of being set up in the temple of the living God. The nature of the workmanship does in reality make no difference; the gross conceptions of vulgar and unenlightened minds being not one whit more unworthy of faith and veneration, as having power to save, than the most ingenious theory that was ever devised by human reason. Nor does there seem any greater absurdity in supposing, on the authority of any man, that the Deity, after having graciously made a declaration of his will by messengers endowed with power from on high, requires from us a belief in the efficacy of bits of old bones dug from the charnel house, than to suppose on the same authority that he requires from us an implicit acquiescence in the notions and opinions originating in the impure service of human conceit or ingenuity. So infinite is the distance between the wisdom of God and the wisdom of man, as to render the difference between the lesser and the greater degree in which the wisdom of man operates, when it assumes the power of dictating what is necessary to salvation, as nothing.'

I have thus shown that sectarianism, is a system of essential idolatry—that originating in selfishness it seeks to promote in reality the worship not of God but of man—that it is that system of wickedness whose manifestation was predicted by St. Paul under the name of the 'man of sin' and that however much it may have been improved among protestants as to its forms and circumstances, it still deserves our pious abhorrence and our utmost practical opposition.

In pursuing Christian union, we may not then place it in sectarianism. For, *sectarianism*, though for long ages baptised with the name of Christian union, has ever shown itself to be its deadliest foe.

In my next number, I shall prove, that sectarianism is a system not less of immorality, than of impiety.

Wilton. N. W.

TEXAS.

We are indebted to Mrs Stevens, for the following extracts of a letter addressed to her by Br. Stevens, who, our readers are aware, is now in Texas as a missionary.—*Zion's Herald.*

Houston, (Texas) Jan. 15, 1839.

On getting into the San Jacinto and Buffalo Bayou, the scenery became beautiful to a degree which I wish I could describe to you. It reminded me of the scene from Havre to Paris, though it far surpassed the latter. Beautiful Islands interlaced with the meandering streams, herds grazing, flocks of wild geese, gulls, and even snow white swans filling the heavens, and a warm sunny day, such as you have in June and July, formed the circumstances of this delightful journey. Our company on board the steam boat was of the first character, including some ladies. We reached this city before sunset, and I found lodgings in a good Methodist boarding house. I do not call it a comfortable one, though good; the landlady is excellent, the company are well disposed and intelligent, but the house is, like most others here, destitute of a single pane of glass, and entirely exposed to the winds and rain; my chamber, for instance, contains not a single window. After daylight, I can lay in my couch, and count about a score of apertures in the roof through which the light streams, and in wet weather, of course the rain likewise. The houses are merely patched up shantees of rough boards; few in the city are painted. My bedstead consists of four posts, rough cut from the tree planted in the ground, and a few cross pieces, with a bed as narrow and as bad as I ever slept on.

This is the seat of government. Little business is done but in trade and speculating. Nearly all the articles of subsistence are brought from the United States, and sell at exorbitant prices. Board is at least two dollars per day, in even the miserable shantees. A pair of boots worth $3 in the U. States, sell here for $18. Flour at the last prices current I have seen, was from $25 to $30, bacon from 40 to 50 cts, potatoes from $8 to $10 per barrel, corn $3 per bushel, &c.; and yet no land under heaven has better natural resources for all the staples of subsistence. The emigration is so immense, however, that the consumption is vastly greater than the production, and most of the older settlers, who know well the country, have abandoned the productive industry of the soil to speculate in lands.—The agricultural activity of the country has not indeed commenced; but when it does, the value of produce will be much reduced.

The Legislature is now in session here; they meet in a large frame building, with roughly plastered walls, and without ceiling. It includes a number of talented young men, and a good proportion of sound hearted and substantial looking gentlemen of mature years. Last night I attended a monthly concert of prayer for missions, in the State House. About fifty persons were present, including two Presbyterian, one Episcopalian clergyman, and myself. A Bible Society has been formed here by Br. Hall, an agent of the American Bible Society, under very promising auspices; but no church has yet been organized by any denomination, though Presbyterian and Episcopalian missionaries have been here some weeks. I have not yet seen a meeting-house in Texas, and know of but one Methodist in the city. I am to preach in the Legislative Hall next Sunday however, and shall sound the trump of gathering, and see how many will rally.

I attended the Levee of President Lamar the other evening, and was introduced to the President. His house is a small one story cottage, with but two small apartments as drawing-rooms. About five musicians were present; the company, however, presented as much of the taste and fashion as would perhaps be found in a similar scene in the white house at Washington; and the politeness and ceremony of the occasion, showed a state of refinement far in advance of the limited conveniences of life yet possessed in the community. Ladies who have been accustomed to the most elegant refinements of life, reside here in shantees, and suffer all the exposures and inconveniences of the place, sustained by the common spirit of enterprise which prevails here, and the prospect of future wealth and luxury.

I have had several interviews with the Ex-President Gen. Houston, who is the hero of this young empire. He led the small force at the battle of San Jacinto, and his unrivalled bravery decided the destiny of the republic, and was crowned with the captivity of the Mexican President. Gen. Houston is not a little eccentric, powdering his hair, and wearing always some article of military dress about him. His manners are of the old school, polite even to ceremony; and all who know him, while they condemn his vices, are charmed with his affability. No man could command the enthusiasm of the nation more, in any military project, than Gen. Houston. His courage is unquestionable, and his manners are of the character which always invest a military chief with commanding influence.

President Lamar is extremely popular. He will, no doubt, elevate much the character of the country. He is strictly moral. His course has been manly and dignified, and none question that he will consult the best interests of the nation. He has organized an able cabinet.

I have kept strict observations of the weather for the week past. Though this is called the rainy season, and the heavens are frequently overcast, yet the temperature has been remarkably uniform. During one week, the variation in observations taken three times a day at seven A. M. twelve M. and nine P. M. has been about from 68 to 56 deg. Fahrenheit, and not unfrequently the mercury has remained most of the day at summer heat. The wind has been almost constantly warm and soft from the Gulf. There are occasionally, however, breezes from the North West, which reduce the thermometer 30 deg. in two or three hours, and produce ice; they last about 48 hours. These winds are, however, but occasional. Their severity is ascribed to the snows on our North West Mountains. Humboldt somewhere refers to them, as far up as the Canadas, and supposes that the valley formed by the Rocky Mountains on the one hand, and the Alleghanies on the other, is the channel through which they sweep. But certainly in this case, they ought to be most severe in the States of the Mississippi, which is not true. One of these 'northers' occurred yesterday, and though called moderate, drove us shivering around our stoves. Last Sabbath afternoon, I preached in the Senate chamber to a good and attentive congregation, chiefly composed of the legislature, there being but two ladies in the whole assembly.—There are few females here, and the streets are so muddy, as to be nearly impassable for them most of the time.

Our Indian difficulties have been much exaggerated in the United States. They produce no alarm here. They are but skirmishes on our extreme frontier, and we have despatched a corps of volunteers who will soon suppress them.

As for Mexico, all apprehensions are abandoned in respect to that quarter, and if there should be a recurrence of hostilities, it would be but sport to the Texians. They fear that poor imbecile nation, as much in war as they would a flock of gulls in hunting. A more spirited, courageous, generous people never existed, than the settlers of this beautiful land.

The present Congress have adopted a very efficient plan of defence against Indian aggressions. It is to consist of forts, stretching entirely along the Northern and North-western frontier settlements.

Congress adopted the other day some noble resolutions on Education, appropriating 221,400 acres of land, for the endowment of two universities, to be hereafter established, one in the East, the other in the West, and 19,700 to each county, for the support of common schools.

I am waiting here for the arrival of a Methodist brother, who is to be my chief dependence for the commencement of a Methodist mission in this town. There are so few of our people here at present, however, that I apprehend they will choose to have it incorporated into a circuit, and then I shall shoot into the country.

Here, on the 15th of January, though in the midst of the wet season, the thermometer is almost at summer heat, the sun smiles gladly from the heavens, the birds are whistling among the trees, the grass is sprouting anew in the prairies, and the foliage is mostly in verdure.

A. Stevens.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The following extract from a letter from London, dated January 3d, 1839, is copied from a Southern paper. We know not the name of the writer, nor his authority for his statements of opinions; but the remarks which he makes and the facts which he narrates are somewhat singular and worthy to be noticed.

'It was forcibly said by the great Lord Chatham, that if ever the church establishment fell, the blow of destruction would be dealt from within, and we are compelled to admit, at the present day, the correctness of the assertion and the wisdom of the prophecy. Though your columns are not the proper place for its discussion, nor do I consider those of any political journal the precise medium through which the merits of a theological question can be canvassed, still I cannot but call your attention to the 'Tracts for the Times,' and the extraordinary progress which Puseyism is now making, as a corroboration of the opinion and indubitable testimony in favor of the sagacity of the patriot peer. Not only has the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford all but lapsed into Romanism, but the heads of houses, as the masters are termed, are tainted; and even Trinity College, Dublin, has just been converted into a scene of schism. The new doctrines, the traditional trash have indeed made rapid and frightful strides.

At Oxford, in the chapel of one of the distinguished colleges, the most outre proceedings have been adopted. The reading desk has been removed from beneath the pulpit, and is not visible in any part of the edifice. The clergyman stands without the railing of the Communion Table, near the centre of which he has a tripod, and upon that rests the prayer book, and a crimson velvet cushion is at his feet. The prayers are read, with one or two exceptions, with the back to the congregation, for it is deemed by the Puseyites irreverent in the extreme, not to face the altar during devotion. But this is not all the change. The cross which was in use during the reign of Edward the sixth, has been revived and is now a portion of the clerical costume. It is formed of a strip of silk, two and a half inches wide, which comes over the left shoulder and is there fastened either by a pin or button: it then descends to the bottom of the surplice, both before and behind: is fringed at each end, and has a cross of black silk, raised and embossed just above the fringed border;—the arms of the cross extending like those of the martyrs, or St. Andrews. 'A plain cross rises up and projects out of the wall,' (says Mr. Maurice;) who has ably exposed the new faith,) 'from the centre of the Communion Table; in the central division of the eastern window is a pane of glass 'like a drop of blood polluting the whole,' which is a representation of an ornamental cross or crosslet. Within the rails of the Lord's Table is a second table or sideboard to receive the elements, until the priest shall place them upon the table for consecration.' This is positively averred to be the constant, every-day mode of performing the service of the Church of England in the new chapel of ease belonging to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, at Oxford, which chapel has but recently been consecrated by the Right Reverend Dr. Bagot, the Diocesan, and the prayers were read after the new fangled system during his presence. This is enough to warrant a belief in the prelate's support of Puseyism, and to alarm all genuine Protestants.

The Bishop of Oxford not only tolerates this innovation, but is convinced of its propriety. In his late charge he alludes to what he states has been pointed out to him as a breach of discipline, and says, 'as much of what has been objected to, has arisen from minute attention to the rubric, and I esteem uniformity so highly (and uniformity can never be attained without strict attention to the rubric) that I confess I would rather follow an antiquated custom (even were it so designated) WITH the rubric, than be entangled in the modern confusions which arise from the neglect of it.'

The subject is a most important one, and the Church is not in a condition to allow such fantastic tricks to be played upon her with impunity. The attention of Parliament will, no doubt, be called to the consideration of the whole of the circumstances connected with such barefaced and unreserved apostacy, and the Bishop of Oxford will, in his place, as the Lord of the See, be compelled to account either for his lukewarmness or approval. A convocation should be called?

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1839.

With the present number of the Register my editorial responsibilities are laid aside.

It is unnecessary to multiply words upon the occasion. I may be indulged, however, with the privilege of making a few remarks of a personal nature, merely to prevent unprofitable surmises and to make out a decent valedictory.

I assumed the charge of the Register when no one was at hand to take it, induced by the hope that I might be in some degree useful to the denomination of Christians to which I think it an honor to belong, and by certain considerations of a private nature. The duties of the office I have discharged for two years and three months, with what ability, diligence and good intent have been at my command.

If the readers of the Register have seen poverty and weakness in my hebdomedal issues, they have found I trust, some excuse, in their knowledge of the fact that, to the conduct of the paper have been superadded the cares of a parish, no less arduous and interesting than most others in the city, (and I must be pardoned for adding, no less indulgent and patient than the best.)

If I have been chargeable with occasional errors of judgment and taste—which I could not have expected wholly to avoid—it is some consolation to believe that they have been attoned for, by the regret and pain which they have caused me whenever I have reviewed my course.

If I have done injury to any good cause or injustice to any individual or any body of men or to any opinions, it is matter of no little gratification that I am able conscintiously to affirm that I have at least set down nought in malice.

For the candor and patience and frequent manifestations of good will which have been extended to me by many friends and subscribers, it affords me sincere pleasure to render grateful acknowledgements.

To those who have generously contributed to our columns interesting and valuable articles in prose and poetry, and to whom our readers have been indebted for the greatest proportion of whatever of pleasure and benefit they may have derived from the Register, it is but a trifling return to offer my unfeigned and hearty thanks.

To those who have not withholden their censure from opinions which I have avowed in regard to a few individuals, whose merits I have sought to bring into notice, when the majority have been arraigning their errors, it becomes me to express sentiments of respect for their zeal in behalf of the interests of piety and truth; while, at the same time, I must be permitted to declare that I would not now erase one sentiment to which they have objected from the columns which I have written.

From the highly agreeable and friendly intercourse which I have enjoyed with a large fraternity of the editors of the various religious, literary and secular journals with which the Register has exchanged, I part with reluctance. For their courtesy I have been grateful; and, I beg them to accept my best wishes for their prosperity and success. Their arduous profession I shall hold in higher esteem; with their perplexities and cares I shall sincerely sympathize, and for their occasional deficiencies I shall be ever ready to find excuse, now that I have experienced somewhat of the difficulties and toils which are inseparable from their important office.

And now, I voluntary rise from the editorial chair, which I have occupied longer than I at first intended. The subscription list on the publisher's table indicates a large increase of respectable names since I have been in his employ; and, although I have not the vanity to attribute this acquisition to any merits of my own, I confess that it is gratifying to me to take leave of him with the evidence that the pecuniary interests of the paper have not suffered during his engagement with me. I hope that the gentleman who succeeds me will cause the mention of my defects to be heard no more in the just praise that shall celebrate his own success, and the remembrance of whatever merits may have been accredited to me to subside in the ever-present fame that shall attend his superior deserts. For, having been forced to speak so much and so often, and having been the subject of the weekly comments of a larger multitude than one man can hope to satisfy, my strongest desire, as far as the Register is concerned, is to retire into silence—grateful, tranquilizing, thrice welcome Silence—and, having made up my account as an editor for the judgment of the great day, to hear concerning myself in that capacity, no more either of commendation or censure from the lips of man.

Chandler Robbins.

There is much weight as well as excellent humor in the subjoined article from the Boston Recorder.

The Recorder certainly deserves a vote of thanks from all those Clergymen who pine in the deleterious and enervating atmosphere of '*sick libraries*,' for its commendable zeal in urging their claims to the sympathy and aid of the wealthy and the benevolent. This is at least the second good article upon the subject which has emanated from that source.

THE PASTOR'S LIBRARY.

We love to pay our respects to a good library. We love to look at heavy folios, massive quartos, portly octavos, and so down the whole line of smaller craft. We love to see a pastor's study giving evidence that most of the great and good men of the past half a dozen centuries, have found their way into it, and stand in dense and widely extended columns, ready to furnish him with wisdom. There is something inspiring in the presence of such men, and happy is the pastor who can look about his study and exultingly exclaim, 'Behold how many!'

But there are pastors who cannot glory in this. Valuable books are among the desirables, not among items of present property. So few are they in some cases, that it would not require any considerable skill in the science of quantities to be able to reckon them. If the owner were westward-bound, he might hide the most of them in a pair of saddlebags. If his house were on fire and he could save a few more than there were persons saved in the ark, he would not be inconsolable. Some pastors are not too fond of books, we grant; for a question of ours, if we might see his library, has set here and there a brother into an expounding and explaining respecting the existence of any such place as a study, and such things as books, which would

'Light up a smile on the aspect of wo.'

But we plead the cause of those pastors who have a strong and earnest desire for the means of enlightening and enlarging their minds. Our position is this, where there is not a valuable library owned by the church and accessible to the pastor, there should be formed what might be termed THE PASTOR'S LIBRARY. Valuable books might be purchased by the church as a body, or given by individuals, with the condition, that, though received into the library of the pastor, they are designed to be connected with the pastoral office, and to be transferred to the man who should fill it from time to time. A few years, if there were any thing like a generous loosening of purse-strings in the matter, would witness a handsome collection of books. Some pastors would soon have as many worthies in their libraries to help them prepare their sermons, as there are in their houses of worship to hear them.

Now there are persons all over the parish, and in every parish, that might help in this thing, and it would not be the death of any of them either. There is General A. who would certainly live through it, should he send Edwards' Works to the pastor's library. And Col. B. would lose none of his glory nor sacrifice more than his epaulettes cost him, should he give Leighton's Works orders to march off in the same direction. And Capt. C. would not be the less likely to be promoted, should he hasten Howe's Works to the same rendezvous. And Judge D. would be a just judge, and just as likely to be still a judge, should he cite Andrew Fuller's Works to appear at the house of the pastor and show cause, if they could, why they should not remain there. And Esquire E. would still be an honorable man should a precept of his to the bookseller place Robert Hall with the venerable men above named. And M. the merchant might dispatch his clerk in the same direction with a basket-full of good men, such as Owen, Baxter, &c. And F. the farmer might stop his cart some day against the parsonage, and tell Drs. Woods, Wayland, Channing, &c. to jump out and range themselves quickly on the shelves of the pastor's library. And then the ladies—they are fond of well stored kitchens, wardrobes and the like—let them see that said library is well stored. If they cannot move the heavy artillery into the castle, they can send in many of the lighter spiritual weapons. There is many a goodly octavo, and shoals of valuable duodecimos in which fair hands should write, 'A donation to the Pastor's Library.' Many a daughter hath done virtuously in such matters already. 'She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant: and should she deliver books for the pastor by the same means, those might blame her who are fond of the business.

But the enquiry may be made, how shall we avoid the evil of making a donation of some book already in the Pastor's Library? If you do not know what sad chasms there are on those shelves, and who the venerable men are that are missing, you can find relief by making a donation in money and leave it for the pastor to fill said vacancies according to his judgment of what the pastoral office may require. It should not be forgotten, in contemplating such a donation, that a valuable book will cost more than a pair of chickens; nay, that it would take a turkey or two, and double the number of geese to weigh as much as some of our portly doctors of divinity!

In the matter of reasons for establishing such a library as has been now spoken of, we could run up to '*sixteenthly*,' as the old divines used to, and then subdivide, with copious matters for an 'improvement.' But a quarter of that distance is all we shall be able to travel after the race we have already run this article.

1. Such a Library might do something towards making the pastoral office more permanent A lover of good books does not like a divorce from them. His faithful converse with the venerable men of the Library would make him sad at parting with their company; so that this string, if there were no other, might keep the bird from taking wing.

2. And then a noble Library, such as might be thus gathered, would form a strong temptation, among other good ones, for a good pastor to assume that office among a people.

3. The people would be the more likely to be 'fed with knowledge,' since they would thus furnish the means of it to the pastor's hands.

4. And last, not least, they would thus silently but powerfully admonish the pastor to give attention to reading and study, so that he might bring beaten oil into the sactuary.

THE DREAM.

Senex has very politely *immortalized* the Register, or what is equivalent to immortalizing, has dreamed that it is still issued in the enlightened year of grace 3839. We suppose that we must consider that his prophecy, uttered as it is at the instant of a change in the editorial department, is ominous of the palmy days which our successor is destined to enjoy.

By the way, if there are a few mistakes in the typography of the worthy old gentleman's article (which we did not revise) we trust that they will be attributed to the difficulty which the compositors found in decyphering the characters traced by his trembling hand.

A NEW WORK BY DR. CHANNING.

We learn that James Monroe and Co. have now in press a work from the pen of Dr. Channing, entitled Remarks on the Slavery Question, in a Letter to Jonathan Phillips Esq. It will make about 96 pages 12 mo,—and be issued next week.

The occurrence of Fast-day in the middle of the present week, obliges us to send the paper to press on Wednesday.

The compositors are thus allowed only five instead of six days, for their work. To accommodate all whom it concerns, a larger space than usual has been allotted to advertisements.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REV. WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Mr Editor.—I am one among many who have been waiting and hoping a long time, to see in the Register a more full and particular account, of the death, character, and funeral obsequies, of the late Mr Andrews, minister of the first parish in Chelmsford. A brief editorial notice appeared in the Register soon after the melancholy event—A notice indeed full of deep feeling and just appreciation of character so far as it went, but not containing any account of the funeral solemnities, and other circumstances which it might be well to record. I perceive also that the last Christian Examiner contained a record of his death appended to which is the affecting and beautiful tribute paid to his memory by Dr Brazer, it being the close of his sermon delivered at the interment. I know not that any other notice has been given to the public; and as these were not intended to embrace some particulars which it might be well to mention, will you do me and others the favor to insert in the Register the following obituary notice of our late lamented brother.

—

Died at Chelmsford, Nov. 18th 1838, Rev. William Andrews, aged 28.

The death of Mr Andrews was painfully sudden, and peculiarly afflictive. The disease of which he died was congestion of the brain—symptoms of which first appeared on Wednesday, and increased with fearful rapidity, and with overwhelming effect, and in despite of early, constant and able medical assistance, till early Sabbath morning, when nature gave way and he died.

Mr Andrews had been slightly indisposed for a few days previous to the appearance of symptoms of a congested brain, but was supposed at the time to be convalescent; indeed, he was so much improved, as to be able to shave himself on Wednesday before his death. Little apprehension was then entertained by his friends of so sudden and melancholy a reverse.

Mr Andrews did not possess a firm and vigorous constitution, but his health for the last year, was considered better than it had been for many preceding ones; and up to his last illness the hopes of his friends that it would eventually be fully equal to the abundant labors of his ministry, were brightening and becoming more radiant with promise. Only a week before he died, he passed a night with the writer of this, in company with a clerical brother. It was remarked that he never appeared in better health and spirits, he was uncommonly free and social; his notice of 'little children' was playful, touching and affectionate, and yet there was a *something* in his appearance, conversation and devotional exercise that called forth from one of the family the melancholy foreboding—'I do not believe he is long for this world.' It was only a few days, before we heard he was on the verge of the grave; the next message was, 'he is dead.'

Many of his people have remarked, that his last visits to them were unusually interesting; his health appeared good—there was an uncommon flow of animal spirits—his conversation was free and edifying—his manner was less embarrassed than was customary, and his interest in the spiritual welfare of his flock, and particularly in the young of his charge, though always strong, yet appeared at these times much increased. They were *last visits* of love, angel visits—he had a message from God to deliver—he *must* be about his father's business—necessity was laid upon him, for the time was short.

But little is known to me of the early life, habits and character of Mr Andrews. It has been said, however, by one who knew him well, that 'his manhood and professional career, were but the developement and the fruit of the characteristics of his boyhood, the habits and studies of his youth.' If so—and we cannot doubt it—those who knew him only in his latter life, can well conceive of the lovely and beautiful traits, that must have adorned the first period of his existence. If the man was but a transcript of the child, the child must have been one one to have gladdened the heart of a parent, and given joy to affectionate brothers and sisters.

Salem was the native place of Mr Andrews, he was the son of the late Mr John H. Andrews of this city—he here first learned the rudiments of knowledge and qualified himself for college at its private and public schools—he entered Cambridge, at the early age of 16. And it shows that he must have been not only a diligent student, but to have possessed also rare qualities of mind. He graduated in regular course, and with respectable college honors. And what is of far more consequence, with a mind and heart uncontaminated by the various seductions and temptations of a college life. On graduating he entered immediately the Divinity school at Cambridge. And after the regular course of instruction was licensed to preach the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Being yet only a youth he was in no haste to take upon himself the charge of a parish; he sought a further acquaintance with the world, with the duties of his profession, and his own heart. After preaching a little more than two years in various places, he received an invitation to preach as a candidate for settlement at Chelmsford. He accepted it, and after a few sabbaths of probation he received a unanimous call from this ancient church and society to settle with them as their pastor and minister—After proper deliberation, and having asked and received the advice and counsel of his friends, he complied with their wishes, and was ordained, March 30th 1836.

To have gained the services and attachment of a man of Mr Andrews' talents and promise was cause of sincere congratulation to this church and society; they had long been scattered on the mountains, having no shepherd to care for them, and fold them; but God in his good providence, had now given them one after their own heart, one who would serve them, not for 'filthy lucre's sake,' but through love for their souls; they could now be led again with the bread of life, and have the consolations of religion administered in their sick and dying hours, in seasons of bereavement, and its requirements urged upon their attention at all times.

But, alas, little did they think in this season of gladness and joy, that they would be called so soon to drink the bitter cup of separation; every month and year as they passed away, seemed *only to* strengthen their mutual confidence and attachment; but in a day they thought not, and in an hour they were not aware, death came, and the union which had been formed and sanctified in tears of joy was broken, and the deep fountains of sorrow were broken up with it; their pastor's health had been so good for many months, his sickness was so short, his death so sudden and unexpected that his people were wholly unprepared for so mournful a visitation of divine providence. The young, the middle in life, the aged, felt as though a great calamity had befallen them, and were ready to exclaim,—'Wherefore O God hast thou thus dealt with us.

The parish and church paid every respect to their deceased pastor in their power. All the funeral charges were at their expense; on the day assigned for his obsequies, the church and many of the parish assembled at his place of residence, and walked in procession to the meeting house where the funeral services were to be held; the Throne of Grace was addressed in an appropriate feeling and fervent manner, by Rev. Mr Osgood, of Nashua, and a sermon, exceedingly well adapted to the occasion, full of rich thought, and abounding with spiritual consolation, was delivered by Dr Brazer of Salem; he had been the minister of Mr Andrews, his firm friend, his bosom counsellor, his more than spiritual father; he was now also the minister of his widowed mother and her family.

Dr Brazer took for his text, those memorable words of the Savior,—'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'—He took occasion to remark on the uses which should be made of the present darkness of God's Providence—He illustrated his text in an able and Christian manner, and gave ample evidence that he knew well how to open the richest springs of consolation, to the bereaved and afflicted; but it was chiefly when he came to speak of his connexion with, and interest in our departed brother, of his virtues and worth, that all hearts melted, and the fountains of sorrow gave way.

He observed—'I may well share in the sorrows of this hour, for I was intimately and peculiarly connected with my young brother, your minister, from his earliest years. He was born in the parish which is committed to my charge. He received the holy rite of baptism, at my hands. He was committed to my especial care, by the dying lips of his father. He united in our public religious services, during the whole course of his childhood and youth. I observed with friendly interest his honorable career at our University. I watched over his faithful preparation for the preaching of the Gospel. I was taken to his counsel in reference to his settlement in the ministry. I shared in those services which solemnized your union with him here. And now that these connexions are all broken off, and these happy prospects all darkened, I can well sympathise in your grief.'

In speaking of the virtues that adorned his character, he remarked—'His professional life, though short, was pure, honorable, useful and continually improving. His message, though brief, was faithfully delivered. His mind was free, discriminating, and continually improving upon itself. He loved the work. He loved it for its own sake, and as God's great instrument of good to the undying soul, and he sought it with a single aim. His heart was tender, pure, affectionate, confiding. And though from a constitutional diffidence he was not able to make a full display of all he felt and thought, yet few felt more acutely, or thought more maturely than he. He would from these causes have preferred a private and secluded sphere of action, but he considered i

wrong to yield to this preference, and sacrificed on all occasions his private feelings to what he considered to be the claims of duty. His internal conflict was apparent in his public labors to those who knew him well, and gave a peculiar and touching effect to services which in themselves were always sensible, well-considered, appropriate, sincere, and deeply serious. In all the more private walks of life he was a light, a comfort, a blessing. In the relations of a Son, a Brother, and a Friend, he has left nothing to be lamented, but that they were so suddenly broken off by his death.'—These remarks are strictly just.

Dr B. further added—'As I was preparing this hasty and necessarily very imperfect tribute to the memory of my friend this morning in his accustomed place of study, I found a sermon just commenced upon the pensive remark of Job, 'For we are of yesterday and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.'—These, with one or two introductory sentences, were probably the last words he ever wrote. He was not indeed permitted to utter them, but associated as they thus are with his memory they should fall upon our hearts with an emphasis that no mere words can give. How affectingly are they enforced in the early and rapid termination of his own life. How solemnly has he illustrated in his own brief history, that 'our days upon earth are indeed a shadow.'

Thus were we instructed and edified by the preacher. We shall long remember 'the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth.'

After the religious services at the meeting house were ended, the funeral procession was again formed, and followed the corpse a short distance on its way to Salem—for he was buried in the tomb of his fathers. And as the procession turned to retrace its sad, melancholy steps, all hearts in turning to take a long, last, lingering look, an earthly farewell, felt to exclaim,

'Servant of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

Brother in Christ, farewell!
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages swell,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

If it be not too late—and when is it too late to mourn with those who mourn—we would tender the sympathies of many Christian hearts to the afflicted mother and her family; though they may feel sometimes, as if their sorrow was greater than they can bear, we trust they oftener feel, it is the hand of God that hath done it—that great and good Being who doeth all things well, and who seeth from the beginning to the end; though they may not know now all the reasons that have caused him to lay his hand thus heavy upon them, yet, may they not indulge the Christian faith, and the Christian hope, that they may know hereafter, when in God's light they shall see light.

To the bereaved church and society, we would extend the rich consolations of religion—that religion which their late pastor preached so forcibly, and exemplified so beautifully in his life; the young have lost a kind friend, those in middle life, a wise guide, the aged a faithful counsellor, and all a pattern of every good word and work. They will see his face no more. His voice will no longer warn, exhort, beseech, entreat. But though dead, does he not yet speak? Comes there not a voice from his brief but faithful life—Be ye reconciled to God. Comes there not a voice too from his grave—Be ye also ready. 'For we are of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.'—O hear this voice of your deceased pastor, and your souls shall live—live in that light which is the light of men.

It need only be added, that the Middlesex North Association of which Mr Andrews was an honored and beloved member, and acting scribe at his death—attended the funeral obsequies as pall-bearers, and after the religious services were over, and the last rites paid to their lamented brother—they unanimously voted to supply the desk, now vacated by his death, till the first of March. And it is worthy to be recorded that both the Baptist and Universalist clergymen of the town, attended the funeral services, and generously and Christianly offered to supply the parish each a Sabbath, which offer was gratefully accepted.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MRS. SARAH S. PERKINS.

Died in this city on Thursday, March 14th, Mrs Sarah S. Perkins, wife of Mr Stephen H. Perkins and daughter of Hon. Richard Sullivan, aged 31.

We almost shrink from attempting to describe one who while living avoided with anxiety anything like praise or notice, and whose most striking characteristic was a delicacy and humility which was pained by an expression of the interest and admiration with which she inspired every one who came into her presence. But now that she has gone from us, and the light of her presence is removed from that circle of loved ones upon which it shone so benignantly, we feel that we may be forgiven if we attempt to speak of her as she appeared to those who watched her from childhood and traced with intense interest the progress and developement of her character amidst scenes of severest trial, and the various discipline of life.

We have never known any thing more beautiful than the manifestations of her character in early childhood. The most thoughtless of her companions felt that there was around her an atmosphere of purity and truth. They felt that it was natural for her always to be magnanimous and gentle, and at all times looked upon her as a superior being and shrunk from offending a spirit so lofty and so pure. In her presence every thing like coarseness or levity stood rebuked, and every one recognized his better nature in the influence which she shed upon all. With these traits were blended an exquisite perception of every thing that was beautiful and true, with a delicate vein of humor which gave to her conversation an inexpressible charm, and was always irresistible; this brilliant quality of mind was tempered by a tenderness of feeling, with regard to the failures and defects of others which always led her to avoid circulating or deepening an impression which might injure another; so truly humble was she—so little aware of her real superiority to most of those around her that she was even more alive to a sense of her own imperfections than to the faults or deficiencies of others. We feel sure that all who knew her will bear testimony to those striking traits of character; they secured for her an unbounded influence on the hearts who appreciated her beautiful and retiring virtues, and excited an enthusiastic devotion of affection such as we have seldom witnessed.

She was indeed a being, made of the rarest elements, and her character unfolded in an atmosphere peculiarly adapted to her delicate and beautiful nature. Her affections were fixed with almost too intense sensibility upon her early home, and upon those who made its center and its soul; and when these objects of devoted love, were many of them removed from her home on earth, the veil seemed withdrawn which separated her from the spiritual world and we all felt that she lived in the near presence of the unseen and the eternal. For many years she had been severely tried by illness and privation. Introduced to new and delightful ties and duties, she was obliged almost immediately to withdraw from most of the active cares of life; but deeply as she felt the privation when she was compelled to relinquish her maternal cares and many of the claims of others, she cheerfully accepted this as a portion of her trial, and as she advanced through months and years of suffering and weakness to the close of life, she was still tranquil firm and cheerful. She felt neither anxiety nor regret; but yielded up all her dearest interests to that gracious Father who according to his precious promises will ever 'keep those in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him.' Thus did 'that gradual unclothing of the mortal body seem to be a putting on of the garments of beauty and life'—and without a struggle she gently fell asleep, only to wake in the light and the joy of Heaven.

Those who were privileged to live in the light of her pure and elevating presence feel that in her departure they have lost a visible link that united them with the spiritual world; but we trust that through the influence of her memory and example she may still minister to their consolation and stimulate their virtue and thus be permitted in death as in life to bless those who were dearest to her. B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Died, in Waltham, March 16th, MARTHA C. wife of Valentine Baxter, aged 54.

And, doth the spirit sleep,
Enshrouded by the tomb?
Doth no enkindling ray of light,
Break on the mourner's gloom?

Doth nought but doubt and fear,
Linger around the grave?
Is there no balm, the wound to heal,
No power, the soul to save?

Ah yes! 'tis Jesus' voice,
With hope, the heart can fill;
Calm the dark waves of sorrow's sea,
And whisper 'Peace, be still!'

'Tis faith, gilds death's dark hour,
And wipes the tearful eye:
Its sunbeams pierce the darksome clouds,
That veil the realms on high.

Those realms where all is peace,
Nor death nor sorrows come:
Love fakes no lingering, sad farewell,
In that eternal home.

Then mourner, weep no more.
When hopes like these are given;
True, earth may hold the fading form,
The *spirit* lives in heaven.

Sweet is its calm repose,
Pillowed on Jesus' breast;
Triumphant o'er the stings of death,
In robes celestial drest.

Then haste, prepare to join
The loved, the lost above;
To wake the lyre to living strains,
Where all is joy, and love.

Waltham, March 16, 1839. L. B. T.

INTELLIGENCE.

Meteor.—On Tuesday evening last, at about 9 o'clock, a very brilliant and beautiful Meteor made its appearance in the heavens. Its direction, as seen from this city, was towards the N. E. It is said to be the largest Meteor that has been seen here for many years—its apparent size having been larger than that of the full orbed moon. Notwithstanding the light of the moon at the time, it lit up the whole heavens, to a high degree, with that peculiar glow and hue attendant on the blaze of these transient bodies. By those who saw it within doors from their rooms, it was thought to have been an intense flash of lightning.

A Good Example.—It has been a long-continued custom for the Governor of Maryland to give a public entertainment on the day of his inauguration, of which the members of Assembly, officers of Government and others were wont to partake. Of course such an entertainment was a source of considerable expense, to say nothing of the loss of time, unnecessary waste, temptation to intemperance, &c. Our newly-elected chief magistrate, Governor Grayson, has had the moral courage to depart from this time honored but arbitrary practice; he gave no such banquet. But he did what was vastly more creditable to himself and beneficial to others; he deposited in the hands of a lady in Annapolis, a sum more than equal to the costs attending such a gala day, with instructions to distribute it among the needy. This is an example worthy of being followed by those who are honored with a seat in the Gubernatorial Chair of other States, where it has been the practice for the 'man of the people's choice' to feed that portion of the people who could not with any propriety be denominated 'the hungry.'—*Lutheran Observer.*

New Continent in South Sea. The French Exploring Expedition. Capt. Pendleton, of the whale ship Caledonian, recently arrived at Stonington, reports having met at Talcahuana, with Commodore d'Urville's Exploring expedition. The new continent the Commodore spoke of discovering in S. lat. 60. Capt. Pendleton has no doubt is Palmer's Land, discovered by the Americans in 1820-21.

Distressing Accident.—At the Black Heath Coal Mines, in Chesterfield, 12 miles from Richmond in Virginia, on the 18th inst. there was a fire damp explosion, by which a large number of persons lost their lives. Two overseers and fifty and sixty, or as one account says, thirty or forty pit laborers had a short time previously gone down into the mine, most of whom, it was supposed, perished. The Richmond Compiler says, that four of them had been gotten out, who, it was supposed, would recover—two others were seen dead; and cries and groans were distinctly heard from some who had not been reached.

So great was the consternation and dismay that the accuracy of details could not be relied on; and so great was the terror among all in the vicinity that the proper efforts could not be promptly made to get out the unfortunate laborers.

One of the three at the mouth of the pit, alluded to above, is living with both legs broken. The other two were immediately killed. The shaft and engine are but little injured.

The Richmond Compiler of Wednesday adds the following;

Up to 4 o'clock yesterday evening, only four more bodies had been gotten out. They were lifeless, and in a very mutilated condition, having been taken from beneath a great bulk of coal.

One of the four gotten out alive on Monday has since died. Mr. Beverly Heth, with his assistants, is causing every possible exertion to get out the bodies. There is but little hope that any more of them will be taken out alive. The explosion took place at 6 o'clock on Monday morning, and thirty four hours had elapsed when we last heard from the Pits, in which time, if any had escaped death from the very violent explosion, they must have died of suffocation; the structures for conducting air in the shaft being so much injured.

The air below was so impure that great caution was necessary to preserve the lives of those who descended to succor the unfortunate beings.

There is still uncertainty as to the number of laborers who had gone down before the explosion. The superintendents say that 40 is about the number.

The shaft is 800 feet deep. The engine is but little injured.

Gov. Finley, of the Mississippi Colony in Liberia, was murdered and robbed, in September last, by a party of the natives at Bussa Cove., when on a journey to Monrovia

North Eastern Boundary.—The following extract from the Eclectic Review, published in London, February 1st, 1839, shows that there is no universally established opinion in England, in favor either of the validity of the British claim, or of the great value of the territory claimed.—*Daily Adv.*

'The northeastern boundary line has been a subject of national controversy, ever since the treaty of Ghent in 1814. From the period of the definitive treaty of peace in the year 1783, thirty years before, a question on the topic had never arisen. Nor would any dispute claim have appeared to this day, had it not been ascertained during the war of 1812 to 1815, that no land communicating between Quebec and Halifax existed, except through the northern part of the State of Maine, unless by a route so circuitous that it is equivalent to a non intercoucurse. A claim, therefore, was commenced, for all that portion of the country which thus formed a barrier to a nearly direct route between Canada and New Brunswick.

'Two facts in this connection are remarkable. The whole contested territory at present is not worth a good farm near London or Boston,—and the treaty which defines the boundary is just as evident as water flowing in its natural course. A more easily decided question can scarcely be proposed, because the current of water is both visible and tangible.'

Now it is therefore cheering, that the British periodicals cualesce with the Judgment and feelings of American citizens on this topic, and strenously urge the maintenance of concord.

The North West Angle of Nova Scotia.—Sir John Harvey, in this letter to Mr. Fox, of the 6th inst. inadvertently uses an expression, which shows in three words that the British claim is unfounded, as plainly as it could be shown by volumes of labored argument. By treaties of 1783 and 1814, the boundary line is to commence at the *North West* Angle of Nova Scotia, [that is, New Brunswick] and the British have of late years undertaken to fix this commencing point at Mars Hill. Sir John in the letter referred to, speaks of 'the territory in dispute between Great Britain and the United States on the *South West Frontier* of the Province.' Now the territory in dispute of course lies North and West of Mars Hill. All the recent events, which form the subject of Sir John's Correspondence with Mr. Fox, have taken place North West and North of Mars Hill. If then Mars Hill itself is the North West corner of New Brunswick, it is pretty difficult to conceive how the territory in dispute can lie on the 'South West Frontier' of that Province. Sir John is perfectly right in speaking of that portion of the frontier, which lies South of the St. John, as 'the *South West* Frontier;' but then how any particular point in that South West Frontier can be the North West Angle might be difficult to explain. It is in fact a melancholy reflection, that two civilized and christian countries, united by ties of kindred blood, are on the eve of a desolating war, because one of them maintains that the North Western corner of a certain Province is at the South Western Frontier of the Province.

Road to the Red Sea.—The New York Commercial says,—'We learn by letters from Alaxandria, that eight hundred Europeans crossed the isthmus of Suez last year, on their passage to and from India; and that a regular coach conveyance will be soon established between the shores of the Levant and the nearest points for embarkation on the borders of the Red Sea.'

During 1838 there have been printed in Paris 6603 works in various languages, 967 engravings and lithographic plates, 173 maps and upwards of 1000 pieces of music.

A steam ship has been launched at Greenock for the East India Steam Company. She is 1205 tons, and will make the passage to India, touching at the Cape of Good Hope, in 60 days. The India Steam Company are about to build 6 vessels of 1500 tons each.

The following is a list of foundlings received in the central hospital of Paris since 1640, divided into periods of 25 years,

From 1640 to 1664 there were received 9,002 children: 1665 to 1689, 19,874; 1690 to 1714, 47,448; 1715 to 1739, 56,216; 1740 to 1764, 104,041; 1765 to 1789, 153,839; 1790 to 1813, 103,940: 1814 to 1835, 123,310. Total for 195 years, 617,170.

A Geological Wonder.—On Wednesday the miners at work in Ridgehill coal pit, Lower Clarksfield, Oldham, struck upon a rock, on cutting which they found imbedded in the solid mass *a frog alive!* It was discovered at a depth of one hundred and four yards from the surface, and was of a coal color; but, on being brought out of the pit, it became of the usual hue, and was alive a few days ago at Lower Clarksfield.

☞ NOTICE.—Subscribers in Cincinnati, Ohio, who received their accounts for the Christian Register, with last week's paper, will please to pay Mr W. P. Rice, who is authorised to receipt their bills.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

There are times when the pecuniary resources of this paper from bills due and becoming due within our immediate reach, are very small; and when our reliance for meeting the necessary weekly cash expenses, is almost wholly on payments from places at a greater or less distance from the city. This is peculiarly the case at the present moment, and it induces the publisher respectfully and urgently to request subscribers out of the city, who are indebted for the paper, to forward immediately, by mail or otherwise, whatever may be convenient. Receipts, according with the regular terms of the paper, shall be promptly returned.

MARRIAGES.

In this city on Tuesday Evening by the Rev. Mr Bartol, Mr Charles L. Thayer to Harriett L. daughter of the late David Rice Esq.

In this city, by Rev Mr Young, Mr Samuel C. Capen to Miss Ann C. Billings.

In this city, on Monday morning, By Rev Mr Pierpont, Mr Wait Barton, of Marion County, Missouri, to Miss Hannah Frothingham, daughter of Nath. Frothingham, Esq. of Boston.

In Hingham, Mr David Lewis, (firm of Burdett & Lewis) of Boston, to Miss Joanna K. daughter of Capt Abner Hersey.

DEATHS.

In this city on Thursday 21st inst. Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Mr James Clapp, 16.

In this city, 18th inst. very suddenly, Mr William B. Thompson, 19.

In Bridgewater, 23d inst. Mr Elijah Storrs, 89. A gentleman of great uprightness and purity of character.

At Hartford, 24th inst. Miss Martha S. Phillips, daughter of Hon. Jonathan Phillips, of this city.

In Concord, N. H. Mrs Catharine Kent, aged 46, wife of Col. Wm. Kent.

In Brunswick, Geo. 14th inst. Mrs Charlotte, wife of I. C. Plant, Esq. and daughter of Hon. Lovell Walker, of Leomister, Mass. 22.

SPLENDID ENGLISH BOOKS.—Critic of Pure Reason, translated from the original of Immanuel Kant, 1 vol 8vo
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PROSPECTUS OF THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS.—In the month of April next, will be issued, the first number of a Periodical under the above title.

In asking for it the patronage of the public it is proper to describe the position which it is intended to occupy, the objects which it will be the aim of the work to promote, and the spirit in which it is to be conducted.

It will be the great object of this publication to furnish religious reading for the *people*; to discuss subjects of religion and morals, and of literature in its religious aspects, in a manner which shall meet the wants of intelligent and inquiring laymen. Whilst it is hoped that its pages will exhibit the results of deep thought and sound learning, care will be taken to avoid an exclusively theological and learned character.

The Miscellany is not designed to be a controversial work. Its exhibitions of truth and duty will, indeed be founded on Unitarian views of Christianity; but, as the community in which it is expected chiefly to circulate has passed beyond the elements of the controversy between Unitarians and their fellow Christians, it will be the object of this work, not so much to defend those opinions, as to treat them in their practical bearings, and to show their power to produce holiness of life.

The principal topics to which the pages of this periodical will be devoted, are, Discussions of important and interesting subjects of Christian doctrine and duty;—The philanthropic enterprises of the day;—Religious biography;—Expositions of Scripture;—Illustrations of religious truth by works of fancy and fiction;—Notices of Books;—Spirit of English religious periodicals;—and Intelligence, to which a considerable portion of each number will be scrupulously set apart.

The numbers of the Miscellany will be made up as much as possible in reference to the passing times, and in the adoption and arrangement of articles, brevity, variety and point will be especially aimed at.

The editorial department will be conducted by Rev. C. Palfrey, who has obtained promises of aid from many of the most distinguished clergymen of the Unitarian body, and who will be assisted by contribution from many of our principal literary writers.

TERMS.—The Monthly Miscellany, will be published on the first of every month, in numbers of 48 octavo pages each, beautifully printed on new type, at Three Dollars per annum, in advance.

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A. U. A.

OFFICE of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, at No. 124 Washington st., opposite School street. istf j12

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A few lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. The first quarter will commence on Monday, April 8th.

He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr Tuckerman, Rev. Dr Parkman, and Benjamin Shurtleff, M. D.
HORATIO ALGER.
march 16

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D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Nov. 10th, 1838. nov 24

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POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

When in its dark and fearful hours,
The troubled heart almost despairs;
When fell disease the strength o'erpowers,
And anguish on the vitals wears;
When those who share our warmest love,
By grief and sorrow are oppressed;
When clouds obscure our view above,
And not one hope-ray lights the breast;

O, then our God is bending near,
His love will not be then denied,
Constraining us to banish fear;
There stands his angel at our side,
Offers the cup of life divine,
And cheers and soothes in whispers soft;
Then will our God to hear incline
The prayer for rest we've made so oft.

P. W. S.

Providence, R. I. March 20, 1839.

(From the Southern Churchman.)

THE DOVES.

A sea-king, on the Danish shore,
When the old time went by,
Launch'd his rude ship, for reckless deeds,
Beneath a foreign sky,—
And oft on Albion's richer coast,
Where Saxon Harold reign'd,
With a fierce foe's marauding hate,
Wild warfare he maintain'd.

Still from the hamlets' humble vales
Their wealth he reft away,
And sham'd not with his blood-red steel
To stir the deadly fray.
But once within an islet's bay,
When summer-twilight spread
A curtain o'er the glorious sun,
Who sank to ocean's bed,

He paus'd amid his savage trade,
And gaz'd on earth and sea,
While o'er his head, a nest of doves
Hung in a linden-tree.
They coo'd and murmur'd o'er their young,
A loving, mournful strain,
And still the half-fledg'd brood essay'd
The same soft tones again.

The sea-king on the rocky beach
Declin'd his head to hear,
And started, on his iron brow
To feel a trickling tear;
He mus'd upon his lonely babes
Beyond the foaming main;
For nature kindled in his breast,
At the fond dovelets' strain.

He listen'd till he lay declin'd,
As slumber o'er them stole,
'Home! home! sweet home!" methought they sang,
It enter'd to his soul.
He linger'd till the moon came forth,
With radiance pure and pale,
And then he rous'd his hardy crew,
'Up! up! and spread your sail.'

'Now, whither go'st thou, captain bold?'
No word the sea-king spake,
But at the helm all night he stood,
Till ruddy morn did break.
'See, master! yon unguarded isle,
Its cattle are our prey?'
Dark grew their brows and hoarse their speech,
—No word he deign'd to say.

Right onward o'er the swelling wave,
With steady prow he bore,
Nor staid until he anchor'd fast
By Denmark's sea-girt shore.
'Farewell, farewell, brave men and true,
Well have you serv'd my need,
Divide the spoils, as best you may,
Rich boon for daring deed.'

He shook them by the harden'd hand,
And on his journey sped,
Nor linger'd till through shades he spy'd
His long-forsaken shed.
Forth came the babe whom last he saw
Upon her mother's knee—
She rais'd a stranger's wondering cry,
A fair-hair'd girl was she.

His far-off voice that mother knew,
And shriek'd in speechless joy,
While proudly toward his arms she drew
Their bashful, stripling boy.
They bade the fire of pine burn bright,
The smoking board they spread,
And warmly welcom'd him, as one
Returning from the dead.

He cleans'd him of the pirate's sin,
He donn'd the peasant's stole,
And nightly from his labors came,
With music in his soul.
'Father, what mean the words you speak,
Oft in your broken sleep?
The doves! the doves! we hear you say,
And then in dreams you weep.

'Father, you've told us many a tale
Of storm and battle wild,
Tell us the story of the doves.'
The peasant-father smil'd,—
'Go, daughter, lure a dove to nest
There, in thy favorite tree,
And thou shalt hear the tender moan
That lur'd me home to thee.' L. H. S.

The following Sonnet is copied from the Salem Observer, in which paper a Salem Poet has of late published many similar effusions. We have no doubt as to their author's name. There is a peculiar tone, pervading all these Sonnets, that indicate them as the productions of a gentleman of rare genius and purity of character, who was not long since a Tutor in Harvard University.

HELP.

Thou wilt be near me Father, when I fail,
For thou hast called me now to be thy son;
And when the foe within me may assail,
Help me to say in Christ 'thy will be done;'
This ever calms, this ever gives me rest;
There is no fight in which I may not stand,
When Christ doth dwell supreme within my breast,
And thou upholdest me with thy mighty hand;
To live a servant here on earth I ask,
To be with thee my ever great reward,
To overcome all sins my strength'ning task,
Till with thyself my soul made pure accord;
Then shall my service be in Christ complete,
And I restored in his thy Holiness shall meet.

I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Translated from the French.]

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS CHANCE.

As a young man of fashionable appearance was turning the corner of the Rue de Seine, he suddenly stopped, and, raising his glass, began to examine an old painting, hanging against the wall, with the air of a connoiseur. While thus engaged, his eye accidentally rested on the figure of a lad respectably dressed, standing in a dark corner—one hand covered his face, while the other was stretched out to receive the contributions of the charitable. At this moment two females were passing; one was enveloped in the ample folds of a plaid cloak, and a thick veil, through the lattter of which one could distinguish the clear blue eyes of a young girl sparkling like two brilliant stars through the gloom of night; the other had the appearance of a waiting maid.

'Lend me some money, Ninette,' said the young lady,' who had observed the boy, 'I have forgotten my purse.'—'Well! and so have I, mademoiselle, I have just sufficient to pay for crossing the Pont des Arts—We must give you something another time, child,' continued the soubrette to the youthful mendicant as she passed on.—'No, no—lend me what you have,' replied her young mistress, laying hold of her arm, 'we can go over the Pont des Tuileries.' —'But, mademoiselle, that is so much farther, and you know how uneasy madame is when we are too late—there! it is just striking two at the Institute.'—'An additional reason that you should lend me your money quickly,' added the young lady in a tone of slight impatience. The two sous were dropped in the thin pale hand of the little fellow.

The young man who had been examining the picture, observing the interesting scene, directed his glass towards the lady as she hastened away to make up for lost time, and in stepping over the wet pavement with the grace of an elegant Parisian, exhibited a foot and ankle of faultless symmetry. But turning the corner formed by the quay at this place, she was soon out of sight. He then approached the little mendicant, who still held the two-sous piece, and placed in his hand a five-franc.

The poor little fellow, on discovering the amount of the donation, was quite overcome by feelings of gratitude—'Oh!' you are very good, very kind, sir!—this is just as much as we want to pay our lodgings; without it our landlord would have turned us out, and my father must have slept in the street to night.—Oh! sir, you have saved his life.' And the poor fellow leant against the wall for support.—'What is your father doing, my lad?' said the young man, in a compassionate tone.—'Nothing, sir; he was a coachman, but was disabled by an accident, and now he can do nothing; while my mother lived she worked for him; but since her death, we have been obliged to pawn our furniture, and I can do nothing. I have come out to day in despair to beg.—Oh! how painful it has been—I can never do it again, but, mon Dieu! to-morrow will come, would that I could work.'—'And why not, my lad, you express yourself well; I suppose you can read and write?'—'O yes, sir, and cast accounts also; my mother taught me.' —'If your father has no objection you shall be my servant, and I will provide for him too.' The poor lad, overwhelmed with gratitude, burst into tears, and could with difficulty express a wish that his benefactor should come and see his father. They turned into the Rue Mazarine. 'My name,' said the little fellow, is Thom, I shall be fourteen next Easter,' and he stood on tiptoe in order to appear to the best advantage; 'I promise to be very careful, attentive, and faithful; I can bear hunger without inconvenience—I am used to it. You can pay my wages to my father, after deducting the five francs which you gave me, and then, you know, I shall not have received charity.'—The young man smiled—'I shall thus do for my poor old father, what he did for me when I was helpless. Is not this right sir?—But here is the house. Excuse me if I walk first, sir, the passage is dark.' He led his benefactor, through a winding passage and up numerous flights of steps, until they arrived at a miserable garret, where they found the old coachman lying on a wretched pallet, surrounded by all the appearance of extreme poverty. He, of course, readily consented to the proposition of M. Amadee de Tainville, to take Thom into his service, and himself to the hospital of Rochefoucault.

Thom, equipped in a handsome livery, waited on his master the next evening, to ask if he had any further commands for him, and if he had acquitted himself to his satisfaction. 'Quite so,' was the reply—'Are you content with your new situation?'—'Oh! yes sir, there is but one thing that troubles me now,—If I could but thank the pretty girl that gave me the two sous yesterday.'—'How do you know that she was pretty?' said his master eagerly.—'It was her voice, sir,—oh! that sweet voice still sounds in my ears; I should know it a hundred years hence, if I were to live so long—And, when I think,' continued he, 'that she preferred *going* round the Pont des Tuileries rather than refuse to assist the unfortunate! Perhaps I should not have attracted your notice, if it had not been for her.—But I hope to see her again.' And a tear of gratitude rolled down his sunken cheek. Amadee de Tainville sighed and dismissed Thom for the night.

As the waiting woman and her young mistress turned the corner of the street in which they resided, a post-chaise dashed by them, and suddenly compelled them to draw up against the wall. 'How late you are, Antonine,' said Mr Darbly, a grave and worthy magistrate of the *Cour Royale*, in a tone of reproach; 'your cousin arrived unexpectedly in your absence, and the ambassador with whom he travels to Naples, having only allowed him time to change horses, he was obliged to leave Paris without seeing you. You are not yet personally acquainted with him my child, and I wished to introduced you to each other before he set out for Italy, where he is to remain six months.'—'I beg your pardon, my dear papa,' said Antonine, breathless with running; 'but it was' * * *—'is your aunt worse, then?' exclaimed Madame Darblay, eagerly.—'No, dear ma, she is much better, but it was * * * Oh, I'll tell you another time; at present let us talk of my cousin Gustavus.'

About six months after this, Mr Darblay was sitting one morning in his great arm chair, at a round table, strowed with books, albums and journals of all sorts. An open letter bearing the post mark of Naples, lay before him; Madame Darblay seated by his side, held some embroidery, but her labors had evidently been suspended by something of greater interest.

'So your nephew, madam, declines to become your son-in-law; he has broken the connection which his father and myself were so anxious to form, by marrying a stranger. I wish him every happiness, but I regret his marriage; the prospect of uniting him to our family was the hope and consolation of my old age.' —'Antonine is still very young,' replied Madame Darblay, timidly, hastily seizing the letter and putting it in her pocket.

Antonine approached her mother gaily, but soon perceived by her countenance that something disagreeable had occurred; and although she possessed the entire confidence of her parents, she would not increase their embarassment by unseasonable questions. She, therefore, in order to withdraw their thoughts from the subject, whatever it might be, sat down at the piano, and after preluding with great taste and delicacy, executed a slow and melancholy movement, from which she passed rapidly to a gay and lively air. * * * Dinner was announced, and M. Darblay, who had now recovered his habitual cheerfulness, led his wife and daughter into the dining room.

During the afternoon, while M. Darblay was enjoying his usual 'siesta,' Antonine and her mother walked in the garden; and the latter, after some hesitation, addressed her daughter on the subject which appeared to press so heavy on her mind.

'Antonine, my dear, your cousin Gustavus is married!—you must think of him no more.' —'It will not be difficult to comply with your request, my dear mother, as I have never seen my cousin,' replied Antonine, calmly—'I only saw the post-chaise in which he departed for Italy.'—'If Gustavus had known your merits,' continued Madame Darblay, 'he would not have renounced the engagement his father had made for him on his death-bed; therefore I excuse him. You arrived ten minutes too late! Singular chance!' added she, with a sigh.—'And if you knew the cause of that *chance*,' said Antonine, gaily.—'My dear,' returned Madame Darblay, recollecting herself, there is no such thing as *chance*,—it is God who directs; and, what we call chance, is happy or unhappy, according as the cause that has produced it is good or bad.'—'Oh! make yourself easy on the subject then—the *cause* was good. It will be all for the best. Who knows if I should have been happy with my cousin?

* * * * *

The steam-boat, 'la Ville de Corbeil,' was on the point of starting from the quay de la Greve; the deck was crowded with passengers, and the smoke ascended from it's funnel in a thick, black column, when a young man, followed by a servant carrying a portmanteau, alighted from a cabriolet, and jumped on board as the bell rang. The noise and bustle of starting having subsided and each passenger having arranged himself with a view to his comfort during the short voyage, some began to read the poetry of de Lamartine; others were engaged with the morning papers; but the greater number were leaning over the side, staring vacantly at the boiling foam occasioned by the wheels, as if listening to the grumbling of the gently gliding wave for being impeded in its course towards the sea. Things were in this state when a heavy splash was heard at one end of the boat, and, immediately afterwards, a cry of 'My father!—My father is drowning!—Help!' A voice at the other extremity responded, 'That's her voice, sir!' Another splash was heard, and, in a few seconds, two men were seen in the water, one of whom, who appeared to be an expert swimmer, supported the other with some difficulty. The boat was stopped, and the drowning man and his preserver were, with the assistance of ropes, taken on board; where the former soon recovered, under the tender care of his wife and daughter.

The 'The Ville de Corbeil' continued its voyage, and the passengers continued their former occupations.

M. Darblay had a summer retreat on the Banks of the Seine, not far from Corbeil, to which he sometimes retired from the active duties of his office. It was to this retirement he was going on the present occasion, when, approaching incautiously too near the side, he fell overboard. As soon as he could speak, he eagerly asked to whom he was indebted for his life?—'To M, Amadee de Tainville,' answered Thom, who was very officious in rendering every assistance to Mr Darblay.—'Amadee de Tainville!' echoed M. Darblay, 'your father was my most intimate college friend,' added he, offering his hand; 'but the military life he embraced separated us, and he fell on the field of battle. I am glad chance has made me indebted to his son for my life.'—'*Chance*!' murmured Antonine, with her eyes full of tears —'Might I ask the object of your voyage?' said Madame Darblay. 'This question is not prompted by cold and idle curiosity, as you may readily imagine, but by the most lively interest in one to whom I owe so much.'—'The truth is,' answered de Tainville, 'that I have no further object than a simple excursion in the environs of Paris.' The Ville de Corbiel had by this time, arrived at her destination. Madame Darblay having first consulted her husband's looks, pressed de Tainville to do them the honor of accepting the hospitality of their country residence for a few days. Amadee accepted the offer without much hesitation; and giving his arm to Madame Darblay, he led her on shore. Antonine followed, leaning on the arm of her father; and Tom and the waiting-woman, carrying the band-boxes, brought up the rear.

On a fine summer evening, some months after the events related above, the family of the Darblays, having ordered chairs to be carried to the terrace in front of their house, which commanded a view of the Seine, were enjoying the cool evening breeze, and admiring the rich landscape before them, softened by the last feeble rays of the setting sun. Antonine, who was sitting on her mother's knee, appeared thoughtful and melancholly, her eyes were alternately directed to her father and the river.—'Antonine,' said her mother, 'what is the matter with you? If you are unhappy at the thoughts of your approaching marriage say so; there is still time to withdraw.'—Oh! I am not unhappy, but I am always melancholly when I look at the dark stream which winds along so tranquilly; I think of the frightful moment when it had nearly swallowed my dear father,—and then I think of his preserver! Oh! how I thank you for allowing me to love Amadee de Tainville.'—'De Tainville is a noble fellow,' interrupted M. Darblay, 'and he is rising rapidly in his honorable profession:—I should be proud of such a son; and I therefore bless the chance that has given him to me as a son in law.'—'*Chance*'! repeated Antonine with an air of abstraction, 'mamma says there is no such thing; but that every thing is directed by the hand of God.'

The morrow was a joyful, a solemn day; it was that of the marriage of Antonine Darblay and Amadee de Tainville. The neigbouring peasants had been invited to participate in the festivities, and were assembled in the court; the domestics, dressed in their best, and decorated with white favors, occupied the ante-chamber,—Thom alone was absent. Amadee, accompanied by his friends and relations, anxiously awaited his affianced in the drawing-room. She entered, leaning on her father's arm. The beautiful bride, enveloped in the graceful folds of a white veil, and resembling the figure of an angel surrounded by clouds, was presented to the friends of the bridegroom by her father and Madame Darblay, on her part, introduced de Tainville to his new relations. The bridegroom seizing the hand of Antonine, conducted her to the deep recess of a large window, the curtains of which were partly drawn, and, removing them, exhibited the figure of a mendicant. It was Thom dressed as when he asked charity in the Rue de Seine, and holding in his hand a two-sous-piece. Antonine, after a little hesitation, recollected Thom, and, turning to Amadee, demanded an explanation of this scene.—'It is thus you have always appeared to my imagination;—since that day I sought you every where, but without success, till the fearful moment when Thom knew your voice.' Madame Darblay, observing the emotion of Antonine, approached to know the cause of it.

'Ah! my dear mother!' cried Antonine, hiding her face in her bosom 'you are right —*there is no such thing as chance!*'

MONTLOSIER. INTOLERANCE OF A FRENCH BISHOP

The Marquis de Montlosier, who died lately at Clermont, produced a considerable number of tracts and memoirs on political and religious subjects, which excited a lively sensation and had some important immediate results, but which, and their author, would have speedily fallen quite out of memory, if the Bishop of Clermont had not obstinately refused the last Christian rites to his remains. Montlosier wrote with zeal and effect against the Jesuits, though always a pious Catholic. The Bishop required from the aged moribund a written retraction of error; he professed his readiness to make a solemn verbal declaration of regret for the mistakes of doctrine which he might have committed, and he finally resisted the instances with which he was pressed for the other. 'He would not leave a document to be used for the purposes of strife.' Almost the whole population of the city and surrounding country, indignant at the conduct of the ecclesiastical authorities towards one universally esteemed and lamented, followed the corpse, when the doors of the church were shut against it, to a distant grave in the mountains. This case of extreme rigor and intolerance was forthwith seized on by the Liberal press of Paris, and the Government found it so flagrant and invidious, that it was successfully referred to the Council of State for condign reprobation. The philosophers in the Chamber of Peers dwelt upon it in the debate on the Address, in the most vehement strain. The Ministry professed to condemn the Bishop's excess of zeal and abuse of power, as much as the Opposition.

On a future occasion I must return to this affair, because its incidents are curious, and its consequences may be very important on the relations between Church and State in this country. About two months ago, five or six well-bound volumes of the Count de Montlosier's writings were offered to me, from a book-stall, at one franc the volume. Now, people recur to his effusions against the Jesuits, and the price has risen accordingly. The bishop's object has been doubly defeated. The journey of the multitude into the mountains of Auvergne, with Montlosier's bier, form a memento of disaffection to the clergy.

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